

Starting life again in middle earth

by bethyhardy

Category: Harry Potter, Lord of the Rings

Genre: Adventure, Family

Language: English

Characters: Harry P., Legolas

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-12 10:22:47

Updated: 2016-04-13 20:48:51

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:20:01

Rating: K+

Chapters: 3

Words: 2,388

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: this is a rewrite of stating life in middle earth

1. Prologue

Prologue

(In the Wizarding World)

Harry had killed Voldemort saving the entire wizarding world from his darkness and frightening ideals. He had thought he could return to the days of happiness, the times when Voldemort wasn't interfering with his life, when he could just be a normal child with friends and school, once the tyrant was gone. Yet he felt depressed and alone. He had come to hate this place, this world. Death had changed everyone in ways Harry had not expected.

'Ginny only wanted me for my fame and popularity. Ron and Hermione are together now, they no longer enjoy being with me. I'm a nuisance. They just want to be together.'

Harry James Potter was sick of trying to be normal when everything clearly pointed out he wasn't. Through his uniqueness, he had lost people, good people, he no longer had anyone who still cared about him. His godfather was dead, so were his mother and father. However it was Severus Snape's death had saddened him the most, though the man was Slytherin he had been the bravest man he knew, Because of his sacrifice harry had found out the truth. Remus, Dumbledore, everyone he ever loved, they were no longer there. The poor boy was left all alone.

Harry thought of the things he had seen. Voldemort was an evil they had needed to fight against, but if things had gone differently, Fred might have Weasley twins joke shop might still be running. Severus wouldn't have been mauled to death by that damn snake. All Harry had wanted was to have a family, be happy and have friends. But his

friends no longer cared for him now that they had their own fame and lifestyles, making them move away from him. All they could see was themselves rather than the lonely boy who couldn't seem to reach them. George and Luna came by sometimes, but they were often busy and couldn't spend nearly enough time with him to fill the growing emptiness in his heart.

He had loved Ginny once, but not anymore. She had begun to complain when he hadn't started to spend the money that Sirius and his parents had left him, angrily trying to convince him to buy useless things. He had been just too hurt to do so. He always asked what if? He would never know and all he now wanted was family and friendship, people who truly loved him for being alive and well.

Time had moved forward for everyone, but Harry. His friends had got married while he was left to live alone. He had only wanted to be happy and it had all been taken away before he knew it. Happiness was all he had ever wanted. Deep down, he had known that it was silly to want something he could never have, but after everything that had happened, he had felt he needed it.

Closing his emerald green eyes and shifting in his sheets, he felt something move through his heart. He found himself wanting to make a wish. Today was his birthday, after all. He was turning eighteen, but there was no one with him to celebrate it like in his childhood. Opening his eyes again, and looking at the candle on the bedside table. Harry let out a sad smile and leaned forward.

"I wish I could find a place where I can live in happiness and love even in war." As these words were leaving the young man's mouth the old clock struck midnight. With eyes closed, Harry James Potter blew out the candle and a flash of light enveloped him. The words spoken next were unheard, for Harry James Potter was no more. Those words were a whisper of "That is a wish not bourn of this world but another."

MIDDLE EARTH

A family of three were making their way to Rivendell where their one year old elfling son would soon be named. The mother swept her beautiful waist length platinum blonde hair away from her creamy skin, letting her jade green eyes, shining as brightly as a gem, help her see where she was going. Her beauty was something the land should know of. Her husband was very proud of actually getting her attention. He had golden blond hair that was just past his shoulders, his skin bore a golden tan and eyes an earthy brown that had a glossy shine to them. He held himself with strength, but mostly because he didn't want to worry his wife over the fact that he was slightly lost and indeed unsure of whether or not he was heading in the right direction.

The woman looked down at her child, sensing something swirling inside him. She tilted her head. The child seemed to have become a vessel for a spirit, a young yet tortured soul. Yet the platinum blonde sensed the sweetness inside his heart. She pitied the spectre and found herself drawn to it. She turned to her husband. He did not know of this. She wasn't sure how he would react to this and she knew almost nothing of the spirit inside the small bundle of cloths. Sighing, she decided to clear her mind by focusing on the ground beneath her.

Whilst both adults continued down their path, they did not foresee the dangers that would occur, one being this news that the quest to destroy the one ring was over for the New brought the worst in nature – the other, however, was a far more impending menace that they would soon fall victim to, an ambush soon to come. They would unknowingly be leaving their son alone. If the male elf had looked behind him, he would have seen a glow coming from his wife and child. This glow became a beacon to those who wanted to kill elves.

The child stirred in his mother's arms for what might be the last time her eyes fall upon him. The woman tucked the child closer to herself, holding him tightly, for with that light came a great horror.

2. Born again with the dead

Born again with the dead.

The light had died down, but once it had, the forest had become silent the air still. A one year old elfling was on his way to Rivendell to be named. When this spectacle was revealed, the rest of the elves would not be able to resist going to see him. After all, it wasn't as if elflings were born every day. In fact, there hadn't been one since Arwen, the beautiful daughter of Lord Elrond. This would be a great celebration, proof that their kind wasn't going extinct like many believed.

He was tucked inside something warm, feeling safe in the gentle rocking motion and the soft sound of birds singing lulling the elfling to sleep. However, the currently nameless baby had a name, but that may be because the famous Harry Potter of the wizard world had been reborn as this first known elfling in a while.

The second chance he had been given was something he had wished for a long time. Especially a child with no memories of his mother or father would long for the faintest memories of warmth or love. But to find this small light had not been easy in his previous life. The only way he would see it being remotely possible to reach was to be somehow reborn as a bird. Being reborn as an elf would do too. This was something he had longed for, not just as his hope, but as something he needed.

Looking around sleepily, Harry noticed that his father was walking ahead of his mother. However, being the child that he now was, Harry let out a tired moan and fell into slumber, leaving his new world for a moment. But the second he did, the peaceful forest was no longer at peace. There was something terribly wrong and a happy family would once again be taken from him.

The male elf known as Losson was scouting ahead of his wife, who was named Amonith, and their as yet nameless son.

Losson having missed the previous signs that he was leading his family into danger now picked them up. He tried desperately to get back to Amonith and child, but alas he was too late. The orcs had jumped out of the surrounding trees and with one mighty swish of the axe, Losson was chopped down. His once bright brown eyes turned dull as he fell to the ground which was now bathed in (adjustment to help

the flow) the spilt blood from the open wound, his hair beginning to stain red his skin having lost all colour. He was dead long before he (remove even) hit the ground.

Amonith with her child safely hidden had watched with horror as her husband fell to the ground in slow motion the light already having left his eyes. Now she was surrounded by an army of orcs that should have been dead.

Amonith had brought her child as close as possible to her chest, holding him as tightly as she could without waking him. She had known her fear was supported when her beloved had turned to protect them. Unfortunately, he had never made it to her. They would never have that one last embrace.

Amonith had nowhere to run. She was so scared she couldn't move petrified at the sight of her dead husband. One of the orcs in the trees had already notched an arrow in his bow ready to shoot the elf down. As the arrow flew towards her her final thoughts were not my child please not my baby. She was extremely lucky that it hit her and not the child in her arms, the arrow missed the child by a few inches but had struck Amonith in the heart. A scream left her mouth as she fell forwards in a dying attempt to protect her now terrified child.

The vile creatures left the scene taking the family's supplies and possessions they had brought with them. The once sleeping child began to cry out for his mama and dada in elvish. The elfling, who was coated in his mother's blood, cries could not be answered because no living ears were near, but his saviour was approaching fast.

3. Legolas

Legolas

I, Legolas Greenleaf, am tracking orcs that are savagely murdering elves it is more then a necessity it is something for protection. The orcs since the destruction of the ring have figured out a way to breed, and now things are not easy. traveling between kingdoms is almost impossible.

A scream filled the air coming from where I suspected the orcs to be. I changed my speed as i was moving too slowly for my own liking if there was a survivor or someone who wasn't so badly injured i could save them. The Track was a lot further than i had believed it to be. Brushing my platinum hair, wet with sweat from my eyes, I examined my surroundings and sharpened my hearing.

Entering a small clearing a scene made my breath catch. There was a male Mirkwood elf not far from where i now stood. He had been chopped down with an axe his hair and the ground soaked red. His brown eyes lifeless and his skin once golden rendered pale. There was more than just the male elf.

There in the centre on the clearing was a female elf. She had a arrow in her chest. Her face not frozen in horror like the males but one frozen in worry. she had also fallen foward and was holding herself like she was protecting something. Holding my breath i lifted her up and there in her arms just under the arrow was an elfling a small one

year old elfling covered in blood.

I would have to clean it if the baby was alive i hoped it was just sleeping. I took it from the elf's arms. They were both Mirkwood elves i could tell by their clothes and hair. So the baby should be blonde too but it wasn't it had black hair as dark as night and creamy pale skin like his mother would have had.

I had to wake the child to see if it was alive so as gently as i could i began to shake the child from its slumber. To my surprise and relief the child woke. Opening its startling green eyes. I wouldn't have been so shocked if its eyes were not emerald green whereas its mother's were jade. I was positive now the baby was a boy he was beautiful and so small.

"Hello little one, lets get you cleaned up shall we." I spoke to him softly as I held him close to my chest.

"Mama?" The boy asked so softly my heart almost broke.

"Sorry little one, Mama has gone." He looked at me and smiled a one toothed grin.

"Dada?" he pointed at me. I almost forget that the child wouldn't have seen his Dada yet.

"Yes i guess i am." I smiled back. I removed what he was wrapped up in and as carefully as i could began to wash him in the river.

So now I have a child, me the prince who left Mirkwood for his own adventure to find his own purpose. Once the baby was clean i wrapped him in the blanket i had with me.

"Shh little one sleep, you are safe now. Nothing can hurt you i wont let it." The small boy yawned in my arms and snuggled close to me and closed his eyes.

Won't my father be pleased that a child has melted my heart once again. I now have a better purpose than killing the orcs.

I began to rock the child, which was something that seemed to be automatic. I smiled as i headed back to Rivendell to name the child that was now my responsibility.

I didn't know it yet but the fellowship would be brought back together with this elfling to protect him from everything and i would become close a dwarf.

End
file.